

The Lovers Prophecie:

When all these Things shal come to pass
You in this Paper read

If I can find a pretty Lass
I'll married be: indeed.

To the Tune of the Doubting Virgin, Or, Bugging Oats prepare thy Neck.



Would you know when I will marry
To a pretty comely Lass
I no longer mean to tarry
Then till these things do come to pass
When Phœbus doth dry up the Ocean
And give o're his glittering Light,
When Rich men they shall scorn a Portion
Then my Love and I'll Unite

When Lead shall turned be to Silver
And be dearer far than Gold
When a Nut-shell shall be worth a Gilder
'Twill be wondrous to behold
When Coblers they, the Land shall sway
And Luna shall no more shine bright
When Pudding-Pies, drop from the Skyes
Then my love, &c.

when Millers shall no more be Thievis
And no longer look for tole
when Sick People are not pœvish
And a Mountains lesser than a Hole
when Soldiers they, refuse their pay
And a Pigmy with a Giant fight
when Dumb men speak Hebrew and Greck
Then my Love &c.

when Deaf men shall hear the Thunder
And Blind-men the lightning see
when whores at themselves shall wonder
And admire their Chastity:
when wicked Cheats, ne'r walk the Streets
Nor in their Rogueries delight
when raging Storms, shall do no harm
Then my love, &c.



When Taylors shall no more be Cheaters
 But in all things justly do
 when armless men shall be Drum-beaters
 It will be strange to all mens view
 when Men shall stard no food regard
 But shall in fasting take delight,
 when Rich men they throw Gold away,
 Then my Love, &c.

when Barbers trim without their Razors
 And men and women naked go
 when Glass no more is us'd by Glassers
 And when the wind no more shall blow
 when warriors shall desire to fall
 By those against whom they do fight
 And quarrels shall be ended all
 Then my love, &c.

when womens Tongues shall all be silent
 As that I fear will never be
 And when they speak shall pause a while on't
 And they no more shall angry be
 when Cuckolds altogether muster,
 'Twill surely be a pleasant sight
 And all the whores stand in a cluster
 Then my Love, &c.



when Thieves no more shall fear a Pyllon,
 Nor Bakers fear the Pillow
 when Changelings they speak Sense and Reason
 And common Strumpets honest be (son
 when People wish, they like a Fish
 May live in water day and night,
 And drunken Sots forswear their Pots
 Then my love, &c.

when you & thanks can have good Liquor
 And Sack sold for a penny a quart
 To make your Brains more ripe and quicker
 I think you will be joyful for't,
 when Youngmen choose for to abuse
 The Maids in whom they take Delight
 when Maidens they, say always nay,
 Then my Love and I'll unite.

Now I here have told you plainly
 when I married mean to be
 My time I hope is not spent vainly,
 Therefore pray now pardon me
 For I protest, I do not jest
 when all these things do come to light
 I will not stay nor make delay,
 For then my Love and I'll unite.

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